

ALL HIS UGLY DAUGHTERS

evening sky rips open with a vicious rush
of thunder and lightning, and i foolishly
stand at the back door, watching intensely,
making sure that the flowers are
getting enough of the downpour.
and why wouldn't they, i ask myself,
since they are right there
out in the open, fully exposed
to the cold rain falling late in
the month of may. and
then i get even more foolish
and i step outside to inspect the
flowers much closer, and when i do
i see that there are beetles
on the leaves. so
i start picking them off
one at a time,
pressing them dead
between my fingers.
each one i throw out
into the tall grasses which
are way beyond what
could easily be cut
with a mower.
and who cares, anyway,
since the farmhouse seems
happiest when floating
in a world of grasses
gone completely wild.
ah, except for
the job, i'm getting
extremely close to
being the hermit
i've always wanted
to be. the
sound of the hard
beetles cracking
between my wet fingers
makes me feel
as content as
a potato farmer
who had married off
all his
ugly daughters.